

Chapter 1: Prologue His name is CliveMercer

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Summary: A Work in progress that has been an Idea of mine ever since I saw Ryder. :I he sucked me into the WWE verse and so to make myself comfortable I would give it a horror crossover so here is the first chapter to my story which is going to be a script soon. No Reviews needed. I don't care for them and it's better then that fucking smut I see. OC is in here.

Chapter 1: Prologue His name is CliveMercer

It was the middle of the year 2011, fall, the temprature outside was a chilly one, The birds and crows cawed and chirped as the cars of working people passed on by, but there was something else in the small town area, it was a little old orphanage that had been there for many years in counting, The building looked rather run-down due to it's appearance from the outside of the said building, vines growing on the building, the windows were slightly cracked, spider webs on the top windows, just very eerie from the outside, but as they say - looks can be deceiving, on the inside it was rather cozy, the children were all around playing in the living room, the girls talking to the nuns about their futures, the boys watching the television set in the living room, watching sports or cartoons, whatever what was on. There was a set of stairs that led into the dorms, Left and right there was doors for boys and the right side for girls; there was one particular door in the middle with a "DO NOT DISTURB" sign attached to the middle of the door frame, inside the door was a little boy, a little boy with long raven black hair, a mask that was over his face yet his hair dangled over his mask, the boy was sitting infront of the window, looking out as he always did, beneath his mask was some bandages, now how do you suppose he got these? Well, a fire had started which ruined his life over two months ago - that's right, two months ago. This fire had killed his family and rendered him terribly injured in his attempt to rescue his family from the fire.

the boy is only 8 years old, a tragic loss for him indeed, the fire

not only gave him his horrid face burn but also rendered him voiceless, he was mute, not deaf, mute. who was the boys name? his name was Clive Daniel Mercer, a Child who suffered a great loss in his life, Clive was sitting upon his chair infront of the window, looking out as he saw two young couples about in their 20's come up, they seemed happy, for whatever reason it was the child knew, he heard the joyous laughter of a young boy and a woman's voice "come along now, dear." said the womans voice from downstairs, Clive turned his attention back to the window; he saw the two couples walk out with a child they had now recently adopted, Clive squinted his eyes in anger and jealousy, he stood up and threw his chair down, and walked over to his desk and sat there holding his head down.

The nuns worked day and night there to take care of the children who were orphaned, though there was one nun who seemed to care for Clive very deeply, her name said Sister Judith, she was a older looking woman in her thirties, She was the only one who seemed to have been taking care of Clive, the sound of him throwing his chair had caught her attention, she knew how he was; Sister Judith sighed some "Oh, dear.." she spoke low, and made her way upstairs, making her way towards the door of the boys room, she gave it a soft knock "Clive? are you alright?" she asked while opening the door very slowly, peeking her head in, The nun saw him sitting at his desk, upset, she frowned some sadly as she knew he was upset about the adoption, The nun approached him, and placed her hand on his little head sizing down to his height "I understand you're upset, and I understand that we had some problems with people adopting you, but look on the bright side, maybe you'll get lucky..." she said as he lifted his head and faced her, he sighed as he nodded she smiled patting his head as she said "turn that frown upside down. I promise things will get better." she spoke in a low tone as she stood up and left the room, clive watched her leave while he turned over to his desk and then pulled out his drawing paper, as he took out some pencils and began to draw, this was Clive's passion, he loved to draw; he absolutely adored to draw; Meanwhile down stairs Sister Judith went outside to check the mailbox, once again filled with applications she needed to fill out, but there was one interesting Red envelope, it had a grunge "W" with a red line under and it said "RAW", this caught her interested and it had the boys name upon it.

No time to waste, she walked in a hurry and back into the building and headed up the stairs, As she reached his door once again, Clive was sitting at his desk, Sister Judith opened it softly "Clive, a letter for you." she said as he looked and tilted his head in curiosity, a Letter for him? who would send him a letter? the boy would have to open it and find out, he wasn't really expecting this sort of thing to happen as he removed himself from his desk as he stood up and walked over to the nun, as he took the letter, she left while closing the door, not even to read what it says, Clive opened the letter and inside was a Invitation of some sort, he pulled it out as the note had read: "WWE RAW invites YOU! Lucky child to join us tonight as you will be Accompanied by the Long Island Loudmouth, Zack Ryder! We hope to see you here tonight!" Clive read, he rolled his eyes, throwing it on his bed; The boy was obviously not interested; he was not a fan of wrestling nor had he even watched it to begin with; and he had no idea who this Zack Ryder fellow was anyways; Clive would rather focus on his work then to sit on his ass, rotting his mind with some stupid fake reality T.V show that had no purpose on the media screen.

But in his thoughts, Clive decided maybe it wouldn't be so bad if he want after all; he had been feeling very lonely ever since this horrible tragedy had happened over two months ago, Clive suffered from physical and emotional pain at the same time; thinking about that fateful day; wishing he could take it all back and find what had caused this fire. but the damage was done - his parents were gone and no matter how hard he tried to wish them back nothing would ever come true to him. there was nothing he could do about it. Clive sighed heavily as he took a glance at the door, slowly opening it he made his way down the steps, taking a turn to the right as Clive saw sister Judith sitting at her desk working on those applications she needed to sign, Looking she noticed the boy with the note; "What's that?" she asked as he made his way over to her, handing the invitation he had received, She took hold of the invitation, and read it with her reading glasses "Oh, so this is what that strange note was for..." she said as Clive nodded she looked at him "Do you want to go?" she asked as he gave a nod. "are you sure? this place sounds a little rough..." He nodded once more. "Very well, I'll take you there soon. and you should get ready." she said.

Clive nodded as he walked back upstairs to his dorm, he heard two children from within his room, Clive sighed as he walked inside of the dorm, seing the two looking at his artwork, it was a boy and a girl; they were loving it, The girl looked and noticed Clive; she gasped while tapping Thomas (the boys name) on the arm, she got his attention, Thomas looked and saw Clive, staring at them; he then said "Oh, we're so sorry, we didn't mean to snoop...We were just looking at your art...we really, really love it." said the boy, as the girl, Lucy gave a nod "Yes, we were only looking...sorry if we made you upset." she said, Clive just shook his head as he wasn't mad at all, he didn't mind for the people to look at his basic background designs of mountains or the usual terrains of enviroments, to show he wasn't mad, Clive looked at them and moved his index fingers this was a sign to show he wasn't mad. both the boy and girl looked at him and smiled of relief "We're still sorry though, we should have asked your permission first." said Thomas, clive shook his head (don't worry about it.) the two then went to the door as they looked "Goodbye." that was what lucy had said before the two left the room and Clive closed it from behind.

He sighed as he walked over to his cothing drawer as he pulled out a pair of black jeans as he walked over and grabbed a black long sleeved shirt and then began changing into those nice clothes he had, basically he wore all black. and to the left side of his room on his desk, he had a large selection of masks, paper mache/plaster made masks, all with disorted faces of some sort, colored differently, Clive reached and grabbed the blue and black one, removing his current one, placing it on his face, as he tied the string behind his head, for once he wasn't bleeding in his life. well, not yet at least, since the burn left his face nasty, however the Bandages were able to stop his bleeding to say the least. Clive stared at the other side of the window, Sunset - Aerial, already the sun was moving down fast, time really does fly by. Clive looked over and grabbed his little bag as he shoved in some of his masks and art supplies to keep him comfortable while he was at this said arena. As soon as she was finished, Clive came down stairs as he closed the door behind him.

Sister Judith had now finished up on her work, she then looked up as she noticed the boy, she then spoke out "are you ready dear?" she

asked him as he nodded, Sister Judith stood up "Very well, I will take you. Sister Allison?" she called out, another nun who appeared to be a bit younger came to her voice "Yes, sister Judith?" she asked "I'm going to take Clive to a little invite he had gotten, I need you to watch over the children while I'm out." she said as Sister Allison nodded, "Of course." she said as she left the main area and went into the living room, soon Clive and Sister Judith headed out the door into the sunset; and they stepped into her old Sedan, colored a lovely shade of Red. Both stepped inside of the Sedan, as she started up the car and then drove off toward the Arena.

Hours later, the nun had made it to a stop light she looked at Clive "I think you are doing the right thing by going, from what I can tell not many children have this chance to go somewhere like this...but it was you, so you are very lucky." she said as Clive listened and nodded (I guess I am.) She smiled as she then made a turn to the right and finally they arrived at the Arena. Finding a parking space, the nun turned off the car as the two emerged from the Red Sedan, stepping out as she held his little hand and walked toward the back entrance since that is where they were told to go. "LOOK! I don't give a damn! if you're not here by then you're fired!" shouted a gruff voice, it was the general manager; "Damn idiot." he said as he looked over and saw the two standing there, Quickly he sighed and flashed a smile "Ah, you two made it!" he shouted as he walked over and shook the nun's hand and then looked down noticing the boy "And this must be Clive, how are ya, son?" he asked, Clive shrugged. (I'm okay.) Sister Judith spoke "Sorry about coming so late, I was busy as a bee!" she said laughing, Clive walked over to the nearest bench and sat there as Sister Judith spoke to the general manager of what happened to him, he sighed as he frowned and then she said "Oh, I best be on my way. I'll see you later, sweetie." she said as she blew him a kiss goodbye and left the arena.

The general manager looked at Clive as he approached him, and sized down to his height, looking at him he said "I'm so sorry, I promise you will have a good time here tonight." he said as he patted his head, then stood up from his ground as he walked over to his office and entered it while he closed the door, Clive sat there by himself, he doubt that anyone would dare to mess with him since he is a burn victim, Clive sat there waiting for this escort to show and show him around the arena, if lucky he could watch him fight if he wanted to, Clive just sat there and thought his thoughts through his head thinking about something he really wanted, and what he wanted was to have a mother or father and to be loved. Clive sat there with his head down as his long hair covered his face.

End
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